

"BILL" HARRIS DEAD

The Grand Old Leader from Worth
Passed Away Suddenly.

HAD BEEN ILL FOR SEVERAL DAYS

But Was Very Much Better and
Was Setting Up in Bed.

WHEN HE FELL OVER AND WAS DEAD

Something of the Career of One of Georgia's Most Prominent and Most Unique Figures.

Colonel Bill Harris is dead! The news came late yesterday afternoon—news that will carry sorrow into every nook and corner of Georgia; for never has a Georgian had more friends than the grand old man who hailed from the "grand old state of Worth."

The stentorian voice that has echoed and re-echoed through legislative halls will be heard no more. The last of the good stories, reminiscent as they were of a life eventful from earliest boyhood, has been told. The



WON. W. A. HARRIS.

man who was everybody's friend and nobody's enemy, has gone to join the great silent majority.

Genuine is the sorrow that this news will create. From the mountains to the sea Bill Harris was beloved. No more unselfish man ever lived. A typical gentleman of the old school, a southerner of the old south as well as of the new, and representing all that is best of both, he was brave and true and always the soul of honor.

He was christened William A., but it is no disrespect to refer to him as "Bill," for everybody knew him by that name and he, himself, preferred it. In many respects he was, perhaps, the most unique figure in public life in Georgia. His life almost reached the allotted three score years and ten, and from boyhood was eventful. The sum of one of Georgia's most distinguished supreme court justices, he was reared in the atmosphere of politics about the old capital at Milledgeville, and from early boyhood was part and parcel of it all. In youth, he met with many adventures as a soldier in the Mexican war; in his young manhood he served gallantly for the cause of the confederacy; during the exciting reconstruction era he was a power in the fight for home rule and democracy; and since then he has been one of the indispensible figures in the councils of democracy—a wise and patriotic leader, a true and faithful servant.

His Illness and Death.

The news of the death of Colonel Harris came late yesterday. Nobody here knew that he was ill, but it seems that he has been indisposed since the recent state convention, to which he was a delegate and of which he was one of the secretaries. The following special dispatch from Isabella tells the story of his illness and death:

"Isabella, Ga., August 17.—(Special.)—Colonel W. A. Harris died this afternoon at 12 o'clock with heart disease. He had suffered before the state convention met, but felt well enough to attend, and on his return home he took to bed at once with indigestion and has been confined since then to his bed. For the first three or four days he was very sick and had an idea that he would die; but he then began to improve and his family and friends thought that he would soon be well.

"This morning he felt well enough to sit up in bed and read, and talked to those around him without a thought of dying. About 10 o'clock he had an attack of heart trouble and was raised up in bed to be given medicine to relieve his heart. He fell back in an instant and never rose. He suffered with heart trouble for years. His body will leave here at 12 o'clock tonight and be carried to Milledgeville for burial, that being his old home and the home of his family."

Short Sketch of His Career.

It would be utterly impossible in a short newspaper sketch to tell the story of Colonel Harris's life. The story is full of interest; the outline of a remarkable figure in Georgia's history can do no more than give an indication of what it has been.

William A. Harris was born in Milledgeville sixty-eight years ago. He was the eldest son of the late Hon. Iverson L. Harris, for many years judge on the supreme bench of Georgia and one of the ablest jurists who ever lived in the state. He was educated at the University of Georgia and at the law school of the University of Michigan.

When war was declared with Mexico he left school and home and went to the front with Henry R. Jackson, then colonel commanding the Georgia Volunteers. He was in Quitman's division of General William Worth's brigade and he went through that entire struggle.

Returning from the Mexican war, young Harris read law in the office of his father, was admitted to the bar and moved to the practice of his profession in the city of Worth county was created and Bill was made part and parcel of it. He was elected to the legislature to represent Worth in 1869 and 1870.

At the outbreak of the war he entered the confederate service as captain, was elected major and promoted to lieutenant colonel for his bravery and valor.

After the war he returned to Worth and married Miss Susie Ford. He settled down to the practice of law and met with much success. During Reconstruction times he was a prominent figure in south Georgia affairs. In 1872 he was re-elected to the senate to represent Worth in 1889 and 1890.

The next senate election he lost to the secretaryship and he has held that position ever since. He has been a power in south Georgia politics and, indeed, his influence has been felt throughout the entire state. He leaves a wife but no children. His relationship in very large, the members of his family being among the most prominent people in the state of Georgia.

Sorrow at the Capitol.

The news of the death of Colonel Harris was received at the capitol late yesterday afternoon and created universal sorrow. Everybody felt as if a near and dear

IN THE LOCAL FIELD.

Short Stories of Minor Happenings
Gathered from Many Sources.

THE CITY BRIEFLY MIRROR

Items from Courts, Police, Industry, Politics, the Churches and Other Departments—Life in a Large City.

—Mr. Will H. Black leaves this morning for Tallulah for a few days' stay.

—Mr. Willie Klier is now at Tate Springs, where he will remain several weeks recuperating.

—Station Keeper Joyner is still off on a sick leave. He has been sick for several days and was confined to his bed yesterday.

—Mrs. D. U. Irwin, of Chattahoochee, who has been in the city for several weeks past, the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Long, is quite ill at Mrs. Long's home on Courtland street.

—Next Thursday night, at 8 o'clock, there will be a meeting of the St. John's Lutheran Brotherhood. Society. The meeting has been called by President Linn and Secretary Streight.

—Dr. W. S. Elkin, who has been absent from the city for several weeks, has returned, and is looking much better for the rest he has had from his arduous professional duties.

—Ordinary Calhoun left the city yesterday morning for Murphy, N. C. He goes on a business trip in the way of the city for about two weeks. He will have his hands full on his return to the city.

—Mr. C. L. Ruden was yesterday appointed secretary and treasurer of the Commercial Union of Georgia. He is a young man of the qualities, who has a fine future before him.

—Police Sergeant Slaughter has returned from a vacation of ten days, which he spent in Putnam county. During his absence Sergeant White acted as captain, which position Sergeant Slaughter has been filling since the sickness of Captain Manley.

—Mr. Lucius A. Hills, the Atlanta humorist, has captured the northeastern chautauqua, according to the reports that come from Demorest. His lecture, "Queer People," is said to be the best thing of the kind that has yet been heard at the chautauqua.

—Mary Lou, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Knowles, is dangerously ill at the family home on Foundry street. Mr. Knowles is now in the city, and is traveling in the interest of a Baltimore house, and has been telegraphed to come home at once.

—Dr. E. H. Barnett, the pastor of the First Presbyterian church, will return to Atlanta about the 1st of September. Dr. Barnett is one of the leading Presbyterian divines of the south, and is one of the most beloved pastors in the city.

—Jim Craig, the young engineer who was committed upon the charge of blackmail several days ago, is still confined at the station house. His bond, which was placed at \$200, has not been paid, but he is expected to be released in a few days.

—The hour from 8 to 9 o'clock at the Young Men's Christian Association on Saturday nights continue to be an attractive one. Bright music is played, and the service will be in charge of Mr. D. E. Luther tonight, and will be of unusual interest.

—Glad Jimmie Dunlap, who was so badly hurt by being thrown from an electric car two weeks ago, is gradually growing better. His injuries were very severe, and for a time it was feared that he would not recover. Yesterday there was marked improvement in his condition, and he was able to walk about his home.

—Late last night Son Ewing, a negro boy, was arrested by Officers Harris and Ewing. He was charged with the theft of a suit of clothes, and was taken to the station house for further investigation.

—A young boy was picked up on the streets by the police last night. He was apparently lost and said that he had been wandering about since he had been separated from his mother. He was taken to the station house and his mother was notified.

—George Florence, a convict in the Dade coal mine, was carried through Atlanta yesterday on his way to Waynesboro, where he will be placed on the Georgia Southern Railway Company for \$1,000,000. He is being transported as a prisoner.

—At the recent commencement exercises of the Western Normal college at Lincoln, Neb., Miss Minnie VanPelt, formerly of Atlanta, was a member of the graduating class, and has received the appointment as principal of the school.

—Patrolman Petty made a statement of the shooting of Anne Gates, the negro, to Chief Connelly yesterday. It was shown that it was clearly in self defense and unavoidable under the circumstances. Gates will be kept at the station house until a trial for murder can be arranged for. His wound is not serious and will soon be healed.

—Mr. T. R. Cobb goes to Cartersville today to make a speech for democracy. He will be accompanied by Mr. W. J. Briscoe, who is also making a tour of the state. They will be in Cartersville for several days.

—The circus men were in Atlanta in force yesterday. Mr. S. H. Barrett, an experienced showman, with his circus, is here representing one of the circuses billed to appear in Atlanta shortly. With Mr. Barrett were Messrs. W. J. Melts, Otto Kautner, Charles Grimes, George Finkham and George Sands. They will spend a day or two here looking over the field and making contracts for their big show.

—On Sunday afternoon, the meeting for young men at the Young Men's Christian Association will be addressed by Mr. A. C. Briscoe. Mr. Briscoe is a fine speaker, and his talk on Sunday is sure to be an interesting one. Other attractive features will be the singing of "The Psalm" by Mr. W. G. Garfield, and the bright music rendered by the orchestra of young men. All young men are cordially invited to attend. The service begins at 8:30 o'clock and lasts but one hour.

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Y. G. A. NICOLSON, Cashier.
BANKING CO.
Atlanta, Ga.
Solicited on terms com.

INTERVIEWS

THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

DEVOTED TO THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Supplement to The
Atlanta Constitution.

ATLANTA, GA., SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1894.

LITTLE MR. THIMBLEFINGER

And His Queer Country—What the Children Saw and Heard There.

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, (Author of "Uncle Remus.")

Copyrighted, 1894, by the Author.

PART X.

Mr. Rabbit as a Rainmaker.
"He hopes it won't rain," said Sweetest Susan, "for then the spring would fill up so we couldn't get out, and we should get wet down here."

"Oh, no," replied Mr. Thimblefinger, "the water is never wet down here. It is a little damp, that is all."

"Well, that is enough, I am sure," remarked Mr. Rabbit. "It is enough to give me the wheezes when I first get up in the morning, and it is not at all comfortable, I can tell you."

"There is one funny thing about springs," said Mrs. Meadows, "no matter how much it rains, they never get any fuller. They may run a little freer, but they never get any fuller. Speaking of rains," she continued, turning to Mr. Rabbit and laughing, "don't you remember the time you set yourself up as a rainmaker?"

Mr. Rabbit chuckled so that he bent nearly double.

"I don't remember that," sighed Mr. Thimblefinger. "You two have more jokes between you than you can shake a stick at. That comes of me being small and puny. Tell us about it, please."

Mr. Rabbit fingered his pipe—a way he had when he put on his think cap, as Mrs. Meadows expressed it—and presently said: "It's not such a joke after all, but I'll let you judge for yourself. Once upon a time, when all of us lived next door, on the other side of the spring, there was a tremendous drought. I had been living a long time, but I had never before seen such a long dry spell. Everybody was farming except myself, and even I had planted a small garden."

"Well, there was a big rain about planting time, but after that came the drought, and the hot weather with it. One month, six weeks, two months, ten weeks—all shrivel up, and the corn looked as if it would catch a-fire, it was so dry; even the cow-peas turned yellow. Everything was parched. The creeks ran dry, and the rivers got so low the mills had to stop. I remember that when Brother Bear tried to carry me across the ferry his flatboat ran aground in the middle of the river, and the water was so low we found we could wade out."

"The drought got so bad that everybody was complaining—everybody except me. Brother Wolf and Brother Bear would come and sit on my front porch and do nothing but complain; but I said nothing. I simply smoked my pipe and shook my head, and said nothing. They noticed this, after so long a time, and one day, while they were sitting there complaining and declaring that they were ruined, I went in to get a drink of water. I came back gently and heard them asking each other how it was that I didn't join in their complaints. When I came out, Brother Wolf says, says he: 'Brother Rabbit, how are your crops?' I remember he said 'craps.'"

"Well," says I, "my crops are middling good. They might be better, and they might be worse, but I have no cause to grumble."

"They looked at each other and then Brother Bear asked if I had had any rain at my house. 'None,' says I, 'to brag about—a drizzle here and a drizzle there, but nothing to boast of.'"

"They looked at each other in great surprise and then Brother Wolf spoke up. 'Brother Rabbit,' says he, 'how can you get a drizzle and the rest of us not a drop?' 'Well,' says I, 'some folks that know me call me the rainmaker. They may be right. They may be wrong. I'm not going to squabble about it. You can call me what you please. I shall not dispute with you.'"

"Presently they went away, but it wasn't long before they came back, bringing with them all the neighbors for miles around. They gathered in the porch and in the yard and outside the gate and begged me, if I was a rainmaker to make it rain there, and then to save their crops. They begged me and begged me, but I sat cross-legged and smoked my pipe—the same pipe you see here. Brother Fox, who had done me many a mean trick (though he was always well paid for it) got on his knees and begged me to make it rain for them."

"Finally I told them that I'd make it rain for the whole settlement on two conditions. The first condition was that every one was to pay toll."

"Toll is the pay the miller takes out at the mill," remarked Brother John.

"Yes," replied Mr. Rabbit, "you take your turn of meal to the mill and the miller takes his payment of the meal. Well, I told them they'd have to pay toll. They agreed to that, and then asked what else they'd have to do, but I said we'd attend to one thing at a time. First let the toll be paid."

"They went off, and in due time they came back. Some brought corn and some brought meal; some brought wheat and some brought flour; some brought milk and some brought butter; some brought honey in the clean, and some brought honey in the comb; some brought one thing and some brought another, but they all brought something."

"Then they gathered around and asked what else they had to do. 'Well,' says I, 'you certainly act as if you wanted rain—all of you—there's no disputing that. You have paid the toll according to agreement. You have surely earned the rain, and now there's nothing for me to do but to find out how much rain you want.'"

"With that they all began to talk at once, especially Brother Bear, who lived in the second district, where the drought had been

the worst, but I put an end to that at once. 'Hold on there!' says I, 'just wait! Don't get into any dispute around here. You are on my grounds and at my house. Let's have no squabbling. I'm not feeling so mighty well, anyhow, and the least fuss will be enough to upset me. But the world is wide. Just go on yonder hill and fix up the whole matter to suit yourselves. Just come to some agreement as to how much rain you want, and as soon as you agree send me word, and then go home and hoist your parasols, for there'll surely be a sprinkle.'"

"Well," Mr. Rabbit continued, "this was such a sensible plan that they couldn't help but agree to it, and presently they all went to the hill and began to talk the matter over, while I went into the house."

"This was in the morning. Well, dinner-time came, but still no word had come from the convention on the hill. I went out into the porch, flung my red handkerchief over my face to keep the flies off, and took my afternoon nap, but still no word came from the hill. Then I fell to laughing, and laughing until I nearly choked myself."



"Brother Rabbit, how are your crops?"

"But what were you laughing at?" Buster John inquired, with a serious air.

Mr. Rabbit paused, looked at the younger solemnly, and said, "Well, I'll tell you: I didn't laugh because anybody had hurt my feelings. I just laughed at circumstances. I sat and waited until the afternoon was half gone, and then slipped up the hill to see what was to be seen and hear what was to be heard. Everything was very quiet up there. Those who had gone up there to decide what sort of rain they wanted were sitting around under the pine trees looking very sour and saying nothing. The ground was torn up a little in spots, and I thought I could see scattered around little patches of hair and little pieces of hide. I judged from that the arguments they had used were very serious. I watched them from behind the bushes a little while, and then Brother Bear walked out into the open and declared that any one who didn't want the rain to be a crash mover was anything but a nice fellow. At this Brother Coon, who lived in the low grounds, remarked that anybody who wanted anything more than a drizzle was not well raised at all."

"Then I soon found out what the trouble was. Brother Bear, living on the uplands, wanted a big rain; Brother Coon, who lived in the low grounds, wanted a little rain; Brother Fox wanted a tolerable heavy shower, and Brother Mink just wanted a cloudy night to coax the frogs out. Some wanted a fresher, some wanted a drizzle and some wanted a fog."

"They wouldn't agree because they couldn't agree," continued Brother Rabbit, "and finally they slunk off to their homes one at a time. So I didn't have to make any rain at all."

"But you couldn't have made it rain," said Sweetest Susan, placidly.

"I didn't say I could," replied Mr. Rabbit. "I told them I would make the rain if they would agree among themselves."

"But you took what they brought you?" suggested Sweetest Susan in a tone that was intended for a rebuke.

"Well," Mr. Rabbit answered, "you know what the old saying is—fools have to pay for their folly. They might as well have paid me as to pay somebody else. That's the way I looked at it in those days. I don't know how I'd look at it now, because I'm not as nimble footed as I used to be, nor as full of mischief."

"If there had been many more fools in your neighborhood," remarked Mr. Thimblefinger, "you could have set up a grocery store."

There was a little pause, and then Mrs. Meadows, looking around, exclaimed: "Just look yonder, will you?"

Chickamy Crany Crow had two sticks, and with these she was playing on an imaginary fiddle. Tickle-My-Toes had the broom, and this she was sweeping with. The two girls were sitting on the grass, and

ground with their feet, just as though they were making sure-enough music, and presently Tickle-My-Toes sang this song to a very lively tune:

OH, LULLYMALOO!
"I'll grin and I'll grin if you tickle my chin,
And I'll sneeze if you tickle my nose;
I'll up and I'll cry if you tickle my eye—
But I'll squeal if you tickle my toes!"

"Oh, grin with your chimney in,
And sneeze with your nosery one,
And cry with your wipery eye,
But please don't tickle my toes!"

"I'll grin and I'll sneeze, I'll cry and I'll squeal,
And scare you with 'ouches' and 'ohs';
You may tickle my head, you may tickle my heel,
But please don't tickle my toes!"

"Oh, grin with your innery chin,
And sneeze with your ozery nose,
And cry with your wipery eye,
But please don't tickle my toes!"

"I'll grin, 'tee-hee!' and I'll cry, 'boo-hoo!'
And I'll sneeze, 'icky-chow!' icky-chow!"
And I'll squeal just as loud, 'Oh, Lullymaloo!' Whenever you tickle my toes!"

Buster John, Sweetest Susan and Drusilla laughed so heartily at this that Chickamy Crany Crow and Tickle-My-Toes didn't wait to repeat the chorus of the song, but ran away, pretending to be very much frightened. This made the children laugh still more, and, for the first time they felt thor-

should be used in the most free and swinging action, and in addition there should be a fair amount of brisk walking done, after the side. This is to set the inactive muscles to working.

For those who wish to develop speed and enter for racing, the eye many pitfalls to be avoided, for the eye many pitfalls has totally changed around of training and from being injurious in many years, has become a great aid to the health of young people, if they will take only one precaution, viz.: not go beyond their strength. Both for speed and long distance riding the same rules hold good. The first great essential is not to attempt to diet in any way! Eat what you feel inclined to, but avoid much pie, pastry and milk diets, and eat your fill of good meat and vegetables slowly, masticating well. The use of tobacco should be as limited as possible. The only other items are work, work and again work.

Jump out of bed in the morning, take a cold bath, use the clubs and bells for ten or fifteen minutes, and eat a couple of crackers, just to stay the stomach, then get out of the house and walk a mile or so, finishing with a slow dog-trot run, just fast enough not to drag, until tired, or the wind gives out, but under no circumstances continued to cover a set distance to the distress of the runner. Then ease off, and walk quietly home so as to run no chance of taking cold, while eating a hearty breakfast exercise has prepared the stomach for. Take a light but substantial lunch, and wait until evening before again exercising. This may be before or after meals. Riding should never be indulged in immediately after a heavy meal. Get out the "bike," see that it is all right, mount and start to ride slowly, getting the pedaling automatically correct as before described. Then increase to a good hard level pace, according to the road, and continue this, if possible, for at least two miles, increasing the distance as the condition improves. Never spurt at the end, nor in any way distress yourself. Do this every day, without a miss, rain or shine, and the result will be apparent in a very few days. If a race is in prospect, it will take a month to produce any condition to speak of, and not until the last week should the racing distance receive attention, then the ground may be covered twice a day (if under five miles), to accustom the rider to the distance, but no racing must be permitted, no speeding against the watch; too many races, both of men and horse, are run the day before the race itself.

Have a friend to time you some day when you do not know it, and so get a fair gauge of your speed, but the great secret is to slug away to the extent of your strength the whole time you train, without ever passing the limit where the sustained effort falters. The rider who does this most successfully is the one who wins. When the race comes off never mind about the others or what they are doing. You know what pace you can set; if you are in front keep steadily along; if you are behind, you know that the pace must bring them back to you, unless they are very superior to you, and in that case you have no business in their company.

Such training as this will not only produce "condition," but it will improve the health and strength of every boy who undertakes it.

If caught in the rain and soaked do not stop riding until you reach home or shelter, where you can take your clothes off. Colds are never caught by continuous movement in wet clothes, but only by sitting or standing around in them. Get them off, put the feet into hot water if possible, rub the entire body, and feet especially, with whisky. Then put on the dry clothes, or, if at a road house roll in between the blankets until the clothes are thoroughly dried.

Girl or boy, carry a needle and thread in your case, and, more important than all, a bottle of calomel, which can be purchased for 15 to 25 cents at any homeopathic or drug store. This is the most sovereign remedy for bruises or cuts, and is simply marvelous in its effects—far, far beyond arnica.

For thirty years this method of training has been in vogue in Europe, and for the boy who proposes a holiday trip on his bicycle or a two weeks' course will prove in every way valuable.

REPENTANT.

Dog Makes Restitution for What He Had Stolen.

From The Canton, N. Y., Commercial Advertiser.

About a week ago a woe-begone, emaciated cur dog of the terrier variety came to the secretary's home on College hill, and at once made himself one of the family. He was fed all he could comfortably carry, and soon became very frisky.

The secretary had a coop of small, but fine chickens. One morning he was horrified to find three of the chicks lying dead on the ground and the adopted pup just shaking the last spark of life out of the fourth.

The dog was punished for the offense, and disappeared down the hill, his heart-broken wails floating up to the July skies.

Nothing was seen of him for twenty-four hours, but when he did reappear all his old self-assertion and bonhomie reappeared with him. He hung around the good secretary, wagging his tail with such self-satisfied kinks and behaving so joyously that it was feared that he was going to have rabies. At last the cause of his joy was discovered. Wandering disconsolate around the henhouse door were four strange chicks. Their wings, which were badly chewed up, showed plainly how they had been brought there. The pup had lugged them there with his teeth to make restitution for the four he killed. Where he got them is still a mystery. They are alive and well, and if any one has lost four chickens he should call on the secretary.

Later—Just as we are ready to go to press we learn that one of the chickens died yesterday, but that the intelligent dog within a few minutes brought another to fill its place. In going for the last chicken, however, he gave himself away, for Road Commissioner William Foster, whose family they were, spied the dog as he came out of the hen with the chick. The dog was then taken to the house and the chick was put in its place.

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A Word About Studying.

YOUTH is not yet over, it is true, but the schools will soon be open again, and it may be timely to say a few words in advance about studying. Boys, as a rule, do not like to study. They may become interested in some particular study, but it is safe to say that most of their lessons are learned because they have to be learned, and not because the boys like to learn them. This is very natural. It is not only true of boys, but of men. No matter what business a man may be in, there are many things which he has to attend to which he does not like to do, but which must be done in order to make his business a success, and in this lies one of the greatest lessons that a boy can learn at school—the habit of doing what he does not like to do, and of doing it well, because it is his duty to do so.

This learning to study whatever one has to study is an art, which any boy may acquire if he will. The secret of the art is close attention to the subject. When the art of concentration or close attention to a subject is once learned it becomes a habit, and if boys only knew how much time and labor it would save them, a great many more would cultivate it. Suppose, for instance, there is a hard lesson in arithmetic or history to be learned. Perhaps the boy does not like arithmetic or history. There are many boys who do not. But the lesson must be learned all the same. Now, nine boys out of ten will take up the book, go rapidly over the lesson, thinking half the time about the text and half the time about ball or marbles, or listening to what is going on around them. Then they lay the book down and say they have studied the lesson. Next morning, perhaps, they go over it again in the same slipshod way, and go to school with a vague idea that they know the lesson. When it comes to class time they know something about it, perhaps, but not much, and what they do know is frequently forgotten by the time the next lesson comes around.

Now, that is not studying. If the same boy would take up his book with a determination to think of nothing but the lesson until he had finished studying it, and would strictly keep his attention fixed on it, without allowing any thought outside of his lesson to come into his mind, he would find that not only would he know more about it when he got through with it, but that the time spent in studying it would be shorter than usual. By learning this habit of concentrated attention he would soon find that not only would the lessons be easier, but the time of study would be actually shorter, and after a little practice it would require no effort to fix attention on any task that might be set.

This trait of continuous and uninterrupted attention has been the secret of the success of some of the greatest men in history. It has often been mistaken for genius. Some one has said that genius is, after all, only the habit of continuous attention. When once learned it becomes as natural and as easy as the habit of inattention.

This is confined not to books alone, but to almost everything else. The boy who, when he plays ball, fixes his whole mind on the game and plays as hard as he can, is sure to be a better ball player than a boy who tries to play ball and at the same time go star gazing, and who lets his wits get wool-gathered about all sorts of things that have nothing to do with the game. It is the boy who studies hard when he is studying and who plays hard when he is playing that generally leads his class in the schoolroom and makes the best ball player at recess.

A Lesson for Boys.

Collier P. Huntington, the distinguished railway magnate, has lately made a public avowal of the principles of conduct that guided his earlier years, and which he recommends to all who want to get on in the world. "The first thing for a workman to do," says Mr. Huntington, "is to spend less than he makes." Mr. Huntington is a firm believer in the truth of Micawber's statement: Income, \$100; expenses, \$88 19s 6d; result, happiness; Income, \$100; expenses, \$100, 6d; result, misery. We have striven from time to time to promulgate the truth of this in these columns, and we are pleased to see the policy so highly commended by the gentleman above referred to. In a chat with an acquaintance recently, he said:

"When I was a lad I worked for a very small salary, but I always had a dollar and always have had. I have been in business for myself fifty-eight years and have never used tobacco in my life. Neither do I touch intoxicants. My sole recreation is reading, as it has always been. I read Herodotus in my sixteenth year and am reading history still. I have two sons in New York and each owns his own home, one costing \$5,000 and the other \$3,500. At one time, when the elder of the two boys was getting \$75 a month,

of course his salary has increased somewhat since he assumed the debt. The other son did the same. I have no use for fellows who won't work and live within their means. All I need is what I eat and wear, apart from that \$100 a year is enough for me. All of the members of my family spend money—they do as they like—but I don't."

"A friend whom I had known for years came to me once—we'll call him George Weston—and said he was out of work and money. He had for years been getting \$150 a month salary, and in view of that fact I told him I didn't think I wanted his son. He begged hard, however, and I gave him a position worth \$25 a month provided he would do as my son had done—buy a \$5,000 house for which I would pay, he to liquidate his indebtedness \$75 per month. He agreed, but shortly came to me saying he could not live on what was left. I gave him his choice of losing his position or doing as I suggested and he stuck to it, the result being that he owns his own house. He and his wife had to live close, but they have their reward now, and both of them thanked me since. I am willing to do the same thing by every man in my employ, but I've no use for the man who lives up to his income. One day he'll get sick and then I'll either have to turn him out or pay his bills. I won't do either, so I prefer to deal with men who won't put me into such a hole."

A Lazy Boy.

Peter was very fond of lying in bed in the morning. It seemed a wonder, for he was active enough after he was up; but it was such hard work to get him up! It was quite a favor for him to get down to his breakfast with the family. It was even hard to get him off to school at 9 o'clock.

Paul was always up three hours sooner. He loved to race down to the shore to see the waves come up, or to dig in the sand before breakfast; for these boys lived by the seashore.

"If Peter thought a circus was coming he'd get up fast enough," Paul said one morning, when his father called Peter five times.

"Do you think so?" said his father. His eyes twinkled. "I'll try it some day."

"There are no circuses here," exclaimed wondering Paul.

His father rushed into Peter's room about 6 o'clock the next morning. "Hurry, Peter!" he shouted. "Here comes the greatest magician in the world!"

"What?" cried Peter, jumping up and rubbing his eyes.

"You'll have to hurry," called his father. "They say he makes the grass grow and the birds sing when he looks at them. We're all going to see him arrive. But there's no use asking you to dress quickly!"

The way Peter dashed into his clothes was wonderful. No dawdling today! He buttoned his jacket as he ran down stairs and ran out of the front door, to find the family sitting on the porch watching the sun rise.

"Where is he, papa?" cried Peter. "Has he gone by? Oh, why didn't you call me sooner? I hurried as fast as I could."

The rays of the sun twinkled across the water and flashed straight into Peter's eyes. "Well, well," laughed his father, "I would not have believed you could do it, Peter. I wouldn't, indeed."—Exchange.

A Mischievous Stowaway.

When the good ship Europa sailed out of Liverpool bound for Boston, her captain and crew little knew what a mischievous stowaway they had taken on board. It lay hidden behind some tarpauling, silent and still, with its tail curled up well out of sight until the ship was fairly out to sea. Then it slowly crept out, with a careful look all round to see if the coast was clear.

Not long afterwards one of the passengers was surprised to find a pretty little brown monkey crouched on a seat in the corner of the deckhouse jabbering to itself with delight as he unraveled a long piece of knitting the captain's wife had left upon the table. When the captain heard the news he was furious, but the sailors made a great pet of the little creature. They called him Jacko and taught him to dance the hornpipe and to play many odd tricks. But, unluckily, Jacko thought the sailors' jokes very poor fun and liked the tricks which came into his own mischievous little brain much better. This brought him into trouble.

He was very fond of creeping into the galley or kitchen and stealing a hot cake out of the oven, and never cared how he burnt his fingers. One day when he was doing this he heard the cook coming, and, seeing nowhere else to hide, he popped into the oven and slammed the door after him.

Poor little monkey, he was nearly done for that time. After a second or two he could bear it no longer, but set to work screaming and battering with his little hands upon the door. Down went the huge pile of plates with a crash, which the cook happened to have in his hands. But he tore the door open and pulled poor Jacko out, more dead than alive with fright and pain.

The ship's doctor was sent for and rolled the little creature up in cotton-wool. The sailors were very good to Jacko while he was ill and took it in turns to feed him like a baby until the doctor gave leave to take off his bandages. Wasn't he delighted when he felt himself free again! But, although he indulged in a dance on the spot, I do not think that he ever ventured into the galley again, and perhaps the cook was not sorry.

Self Help.

"There is nothing which is so trivial as discontent. Nothing which will so ruin a boy's life. We do not mean that it is best to sit down and not better your condition; any healthy mind must do that, but be glad while you are doing it that you can do it, and do not cast an envious eye at another man's progress. Look at him only to learn something."

The man who pines for other people's lives is not only silly but stupid. The world you covet was not made by discontented people, who were always looking about for something better to do. You may want to travel, to see great works of art, and beautiful cities. Do you ever realize that these things were created by people who stayed at home and did their proper tasks and did it gladly and well? You have the same world to

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

Animals, as well as mice and men, appreciate good treatment. There is a plantation in the Georgia pine country where human thrift and intelligence have made the wilderness fat and faithful, and whatever beast or bird once finds its way thither is sure to stay.

First among creatures which have come to the place unbidden was a blue hen pigeon, who lighted in the barnyard one Christmas tide. She seemed perfectly at home from the very moment of her arrival, and was not in the least frightened when Long John, the senior family horse, followed her about with his striding walk, snuffing curiously, as though a pigeon might perchance be some new kind of equestrian food. She simply trotted at a safe distance from his hoofs, and her indifference appeared plainly to say: "You may never have seen a pigeon before, but becoo me if my head shall be turned to look at a horse." On the contrary the pigeon was very responsive toward the advances of the barnyard hens. When they scratched she would gather up the grain and sometimes she would seek to divert their dull company by performing pleasant antics, running swiftly along the ground or taking short eccentric flights, a pigeon's nimbleness being in comparison with hens' clumsiness what the gymnast's running high jump is to the leaden leaps of a clohopper. She would also show a proud admiration for the plantation barn; the largest barn and the most freely supplied with subsidiary sheds, shelters and shuckpens in all that region. This she did by flying round it in wide circles, then seeming to fly away for the enchanting effect of distance and anon returning to repose on its broad roof with an air of royal satisfaction.

After it was evident that she had come to stay for good and all, a well-bred mate was obtained for her, and now there is a vast colony in one of the sheds, all equally contented and none desirous of emigration.

Next, of adventurous fowls, came a garrulous guinea hen one warm evening in July. She went straight to roost, it being sundown when she arrived, and early on the morrow she began to explore the premises. From the woodpile she bobbed along to an old ginhouse, into the open door of which she gazed first with one eye then the other, cast quizzingly upwards, and from the ginhouse she strayed into the orchards and fields. She ducked her head round every new corner, sometimes pursuing trivial byways, and again continuing prudently in the path of rectitude. Her impressions were so favorable that she decided not to leave, and when it was learned that she had run away from her lawful owner and she was carried back to him she resented the interference and returned to her new home without much pause; not stealthily either, but in broad daylight, vociferating "potrack! potrack!" at the top of her voice. Every day she laid an egg to pay for her board while the question was pending how to settle the matter of ownership, though after the adoptive owner had bought her she laid merely when she felt like it. Her argument, since in all else she behaved obediently, was apparently this: "I choose to live on your plantation for the rest of my life; trust me for a reasonable profit in a long run."

Efforts were made to have the colored people master the guinea dialect, inasmuch as they were alike of African origin, but neither the guinea hen nor the darkies enjoyed being cooped together for experiments in the manner of that Virginian's enterprise in a cage of monkeys. "Potrack, potrack, buckwheat, buckwheat," was all that could be got from the guinea's cry at this plantation, in respect to articulated sounds, though, as "Uncle Remus" has proved so convincingly, the animal creation has a very complete language for those who can interpret it rationally.

Respecting the contentment of old Guernsey, a pet cow, there should be said by way of allowance that she has been exceptionally indulgent. She was brought from upper Georgia to supply an invalid with milk during the winter when the cows native to the pine woods run very dry. Her journey by cattle car was a rude strain on her finely nurtured constitution, and her infant calf, which was borne like a poor steerage passenger before the mother came to her destination, was a shattered, staggering cripple. That he survived at all was a wonder; that he ever attained to sleek, brawny health by the time he was a yearling seemed fairly marvelous. But eggs, milk and kindness were potent restoratives, and his encouraging example gives a new point to the old adage, "while there is life there is hope."

As for Guernsey, his mother, she astonished the neighborhood by her copious milk—two gallons in the morning, two gallons at night, rich and creamy withal, whereas the piney woods cattle do well if they yield a quart a day. There was a little uneasiness in regard to Guernsey's dealings with the native stock and their treatment of her. She might seem "stuck up" to them and they might revenge the fault by doing her bodily injury. But her manners were irresistibly gentle, and her mild surprise at any sign of roughness, whether from beasts or men, disarmed attack. Every morning and evening she had the freedom of the large plantation yard, her chief delight being to rummage in a ten-bushel cotton basket for various juicy greens, and this privilege soon had the effect of bringing her home at regular early hours from her daily pasture in the woods. When sent forth in the morning she would sociably join the woodland cattle, but, though there was peace between them and her, there still remained the barrier of different habits and education. The pine woods cattle were accustomed to "bog up" in the swamps, hug a lot of young wire grass in the spring till they "had like to starve," gnaw the earth, snort, race and wave their tails when they smelled kine's blood, but Guernsey's higher training taught her to avoid all such wildness and by degrees her gregarious nature transferred its desires from the society of primitive cattle to that of civilized mankind. She continues to be in the woods at certain hours,

somebody can keep her company, pat her on the back and entertain her with intelligent conversation. She finds it hard to understand why she may not lick the savory fresh loaves of bread on the bake oven table; though a handful of mulberry leaves will console her for the denial, and for these she will follow you round and round.

What specially puzzled one of the tenant croppers was to discover Guernsey's pedigree—he "heard she had one, but durned if he didn't look all over her from the front of her muzzle to the brush of her tail, and if that, it must sure be in the hollow of her horn."

The Bullet Missed Him.

The following story is published in The Youths' Companion:

"After the famous old colonial battle known as 'Braddock's Defeat,' more than one Indian testified that he aimed his gun directly at Washington; intending to kill him; but not a bullet touched him. They said he bore a charmed life. The same strange immunity in danger has been the experience of other men who afterward made a figure in the world.

"In the first year of the civil war, when the Confederate General Floyd and the Union General Cox were facing each other with their troops on opposite sides of the Gauley river in West Virginia, a Georgia officer heard a bugle-blast early one morning near Hawk's Nest Bluff, and saw an Ohio colonel ride out at the head of his regiment.

The distance was great for small arms practice, but the southerner was a sharp-shooter, and borrowing a long-range rifle from one of his men, he took careful aim across the river at the colonel's head.

"The bullet sped on its way, and the marksman saw one of the plumes fall from the colonel's hat. Of course the colonel took warning, and retreated from the river bank at once.

"The man who fired the almost deadly shot was Colonel, afterwards General, William Phillips. Thirteen years after the close of the war General Phillips, while in Washington, was introduced to the president of the United States, who had been a soldier. The two men conversed freely about the war, and related incidents of their experience in the field.

"At the mention of the shot fired at the Ohio colonel near the 'Hawk's Nest' the president became intensely interested, and inquired for full particulars. The horseman who stood as a target for the Georgia colonel's rifle in 1861 at the Gauley river and the president of the United States in 1873 were one and the same—Rutherford B. Hayes."

Reanimating a Mule.

In the streets of Port-au-Prince an old negro, who was vainly endeavoring to drag a lazy mule by his halter, suddenly stepped up to a doctor who stood outside his surgery and offered him a silver plaster if he could put a little life into his contrary beast.

The doctor went into his office, and returned with his medicine chest. He selected a small syringe, filled it with morphia, and inserted the needle into the animal's side. The astonished creature reared upon his hind legs, and then, with a tremendous bray, started down the road at break-neck speed. The old darky looked first at the doctor, and then at the disappearing mule.

"Say, sah," he suddenly exclaimed, "how much was dat stuff wuf you jist put in dat mule?"

"Oh, about 10 cents," laughingly answered the doctor.

"Well, sah, yo' jist fire 20 cents wuf right into me. Heah am de cash. I'se got to ketch dat ar mule."

A Sleeper.

A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which the sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which the sleeper runs while the sleeper sleeps. Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper, the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper until the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper, by striking the sleeper under the sleeper, on the sleeper, and there is no longer any sleeper sleeping in the sleeper.

The Little Music Scholar.

I know a little maiden who is learning how to play;
She seems to be in earnest, for she's at it most all day.
She tortures the piano and calls forth most piercing wails;
And when I ask the reason, says she's practicing the scales.

I like to hear good playing, though I cannot tell a flat.

From a sharp in the treble, or whatever's called like that;

But I wish when scales are practiced pianos were made dumb.

I grow so tired of hearing that eternal tum-te-tum.

Now, when this little maiden at the first began to play,

'Twas teedle-teedle-teedle that employed her all the day.

I really felt quite happy when the fateful day had come,

And she was then promoted to this awful tum-te-tum.

I was tired of teedle-teedle, and thankful for the change;

It showed this young musician was not limited in range.

But, oh! my hopes were empty; it was three long months ago,

And tum-te-tum, te-tum, te-tum is all she seems to know.

I don't know what's to follow, but I should be glad

At any change whatever, for it can't be half as bad.

I've come to this conclusion—you may know my awful grief—

I'd welcome teedle-teedle as a merciful relief.

With an earnestness unworthy I hear this maiden drum

Just underneath my study at this fearful tum-te-tum.

I'll have a celebration when the glad day

HOW THE TAXES WERE PAID.

The Story of Annie Miller's Enterprise.

With each succeeding year of her widowhood, Mrs. Miller had found the paying of taxes on her small home an ever increasing difficulty, until this year how it was to be done seemed to her a problem beyond her power of solution.

Her husband had died five years before, leaving her with four children between the ages of two and eight years, and no means of support save a small house and two acres of land. The garden which she was able to cultivate herself with an occasional half-day's aid given by some kind neighbor, served amply for the family's needs in that line; then she washed, sewed, or did odd jobs as she could get them, and earned about \$2 or \$3 a week, which had to suffice for other articles of food, clothing, fuel, etc. But with each year the children were growing older and expenses increased, while there was no way of adding to her income, so the raising of money for the taxes grew more and more difficult each summer. It was but \$5, but that was more than she had ever seen at one time except when it had been slowly gathered by small savings and great sacrifices for this special purpose. This year one of her children had been very ill for a week or two and all her time was devoted to it, and nothing earned, which made the raising of the tax money all the harder. Less than a month remained of the legal limit to secure discount, and as yet not a dollar had been saved. The garden was unusually good this year, producing an abundance of all kinds of vegetables, more than she needed, but there was no market nearer than Hartford, five miles distant, and no way that she could see of getting them there, even if they would sell, which she thought very doubtful. Then her young fruit trees were just coming into bearing, and at least a dozen small cherry trees were laden with luscious looking fruit.

"I do believe there's a bushel of cherries on each of those trees," she said one day as she looked with pleasure at them, for each one had been planted and tended by her. "If it were only possible to get 50 cents a bushel for them, how easy it would be to pay the taxes," turning to Annie, her eldest, a stout girl of thirteen, who was beginning to share her mother's cares and labors. "But," she added dejectedly, "there's no use talking; there's no one to buy them if we had hundreds of bushels instead of a dozen."

"How do you know, mother?" Annie said earnestly. "How can you be sure they wouldn't buy them in Hartford? Surely every one isn't supplied there."

"Possibly not, but how are we to get them there? And who is to sell them?"

"Just let me try. I could get Mr. Flint's old John; you know he is so steady I could drive him safely enough, and I know I could find some one to buy them after I got there," Annie was all animation immediately over the scheme, but her mother shook her head.

"I suppose you might do it, but there's a dollar for the team and 12 cents for toll, and you might not get even that amount."

"But I could go from house to house and sell by the quart just as any one wanted them," pleaded Annie, "and I am sure I could get a few dollars that way."

"If I could go myself it might be done," Mrs. Miller said slowly and thoughtfully, "but I've so much work here I must stay and do it or we shall have nothing to eat but fruit."

"Do let me try it, Marmee! I know I could succeed. We'll all pick today, you needn't stop work, and Addie (her sister next younger) and I will start early in the morning and try our luck. Do please, let me go," Annie begged.

"If I were sure you would sell even enough to pay expenses, I wouldn't mind, so as to prove what could be done."

Annie caught the half reluctant consent and caught at it eagerly. "Oh, I'll do that sure, even if I have to go down where the children are as thick as huckleberries on the hills, and offer a double handful for a penny," she said with a laugh.

"Well, if Mr. Flint will let you have old John, you may pick the cherries and see what you can do," Mrs. Miller said, returning to her work.

Annie almost flew over the ground, and in ten minutes was back calling out, "Mr. Flint says we can have the horse for the forenoon for a dollar; so come on Addie and Art and Charley, hurry up with your baskets and let's see how many we can pick!"

At noon Mr. Flint drove over with his market wagon and left it so that the children could put the barrels in before filling them, and thus save heavy lifting.

"Well, they do look nice, Mrs. Miller," he said, helping himself to a huge handful, "too good to leave on the trees to spoil, but I dunno 'bout them sellin'; fruits seem pretty plenty this year; perhaps you'll find the market full. Well now, I'll tell what I'll do, Anny, seein' it's your project: If you can't sell 'em I'll take a bushel for the use of the team."

"O thank you, Mr. Flint, that is very kind," Mrs. Miller said gratefully, her heart relieved of a load, for she had very little faith in Annie's success.

"But I'm not going to bring any back," Annie declared stoutly; "I'm going to sell all I carry if I have to peddle them out by the handful."

Mr. Flint laughed. "That's the kind of girl, Anny," he said, patting her on the head. "I hope you'll make a big success of it. I'll bring the horse over at half-past 5 tomorrow morning."

All the afternoon the children, even to seven-year-old Charley, worked with enthusiasm, and a merry time they had of it, too, climbing the trees, singing and whistling and calling to each other as they gathered the fruit, lowering to the ground the baskets which their mother emptied for them. Long before night two barrels were filled and Mrs. Miller advised them to stop work.

"There are full five bushels there," she said, "twice as many as you can sell."

"You just wait and see, Marmee; you don't know what I can do."

merely, climbing upon the wagon wheel and taking a survey of her treasures. "O my, but don't I feel rich! and don't I feel tired though!" jumping down and stretching herself on the grass.

"Come in now, all of you, and have a good bowl of bread and milk; then you must go to bed early, so as to get a long sleep and start fresh in the morning."

At 6 o'clock the next morning they were ready to start. Annie was in fine spirits; a drive to Hartford was a rare treat at any time, and now the great things she hoped to do to help "Marmee" made it doubly enjoyable.

"Well, don't get discouraged, child, if you cannot sell them," her mother said, fearing her happy little daughter would turn with drooping head and tear-stained cheeks.

But Annie's high spirits were not to be dampened by any foreshadowing of defeat.

"I'm going to sell them," she declared, "if I have to go through the streets like this," and she caught a double handful of cherries, and holding them out sang in her clear, young voice, "Cherries are ripe! cherries are ripe! Come and get them for a penny."

Then dropping them she caught up the rein, started old John and drove off.

"Don't you worry, Marmee," she called back. "I'll bring you \$2 if no more."

Mrs. Miller watched them until they passed over the hill a quarter of a mile away, where Annie and Addie turned and waved their handkerchiefs to her, then went slowly back to her work with a half sigh.

"She's a dear, good child," she said to herself; "I don't suppose there is a grain of hope she'll make a dollar, but it is worth everything to have her so willing to try and help me."

Most mothers would have feared to trust a girl of thirteen to drive to the city, and certainly would not have dared allow her to do as Annie proposed doing; but Mrs. Miller had been compelled to put more responsibility upon her little daughter than most girls of five years older are able to bear, and had learned that she could be trusted anywhere. Yet the mother waited with some little anxiety for their return.

Old John was as slow as "molasses in winter," as Annie often said, and only by great exertion could he be urged out of a walk; so Mrs. Miller knew that an hour, or even more, for traveling each way would be but a fair allowance of time, and it Annie peddled out the fruit, as she proposed, two or three hours more would be required, so that she could not reasonably expect them before 11 at the earliest. But at half-past 10 o'clock there was a loud, merry "whoa" in front of the house, and looking out Mrs. Miller saw the two girls jump from the wagon and run up the walk.

"Back all right, Marmee," Annie called as she met her at the door, "and not a cherry 'brung back.' Now just sit down and let me show you what I've got," pushing mother gently into a larger armchair. Then tossing her hat on a table, she drove down into her pocket and began to rattle the change into her mother's lap.

"There, I believe that's all," fishing up the last dime, and dropping on her knees she began to count. "There's the twelve cents you gave me for toll; then there's five-ten-twenty-fourty-five-seventy-nine-five-one dollar, for the horse. Mr. Flint can have the money; no Hartford cherries for him," she added archly. "Now let us see how much we have; ten-twenty-thirty-five-fifty-one dollar; twenty-five-seventy-five-two dollars and twenty-five! There now, that's better than nothing, isn't it?" looking up triumphantly into her mother's face.

"Yes, indeed! you've done finely, much better than I expected," and Mrs. Miller's face dropped its look of care and hard work for the moment and lighted up with pleasure.

"But I've got a little more," Annie said with a mischievous smile, catching the purse Addie slyly drawn from her pocket, and opening it tossed a dollar bill on the pile of change. "There, how is that?"

"What a whole dollar more?" her mother exclaimed. "Why, that is splendid, Annie!"

"And how is that?" and Annie tossed a two-dollar bill on the pile this time.

"Why, why, Annie! surely you didn't get all that!" Mrs. Miller's hands went up in astonishment.

"Yes, I did!" Annie cried joyously. "Why that is three, five, six dollars and thirty-seven cents for those cherries—enough to pay all the taxes. O, Annie, it is too good to be true," and tears came into her eyes.

"Then what will you say to this?" and Annie carefully smoothed out a five-dollar bill on top of the others. Mrs. Miller was for a moment too astonished for speech. She looked from the money to Annie and then back again, as if she could not believe the evidence of her senses.

"But, Annie, surely you didn't get all this for the cherries!"

"Yes, I did!" Annie cried joyously.

"You blessed, blessed child! who could have believed it possible!" and Mrs. Miller drew Annie into her arms and kissed her with overflowing eyes.

It was several moments before either could speak, then with a suspicious little sniff Annie told her story.

"Well, you see, Marmee, we started out on Church street, and I called at each house on both sides of the street then up Trumbull and down Chapel. I sold at more than half the places; sometimes only one quart. I got 12 cents then; then four took two quarts and a pint for a quarter; two took four quarts for 40 cents and one a peck for 75 cents. Then I came around to that large grocery corner of Trumbull and Main and the man there was ever so nice; he said they were the best cherries brought in this year; he took two bushels and gave me that \$5. O, but didn't I feel rich? I just wanted to dance up and down there on the sidewalk. The man told me I was a nice marketwoman and my mother ought to be proud of me. I pocketed the compliment with the money," Annie added archly, "and I thought the \$5 would go farther in

paying taxes. Then we went along North Main street until we came to another grocery, where the man offered \$3 a bushel for all we had left. It was after 3 o'clock and getting pretty warm, so I thought probably I could not do better and I let him have them. There weren't quite two bushels, so he gave me \$2.75. There, don't you think that will do for a beginning?"

"Why, Annie, it's too wonderful to believe!" her mother said, her eyes still wet and her lips trembling. "We haven't had so much money in the house at one time since your father died."

"Eh! holla, Annie, back I see," Mr. Flint called out at the back door. He had seen old John at the gate and came over for him. "What success, eh? I see the barrels are empty."

"Of course they are," Annie answered merrily. "See if I don't know what I was about," and she pointed to the money in her mother's lap. "Here's your dollar and much obliged for the horse. And we've got over 100 besides."

"Whew!" with a long whistle. "Well, we'll never see the best of that!"

"That's because you never had a girl to go to market for you," Annie rejoined merrily.

"Well, I declare Miss Miller, it does beat all! but I am just as glad as I can be, for you needed it I am sure, and it's worth a fortune to have such a girl."

That was the beginning of better days for the little family. Not that they made \$10 every day by Annie's unusual financial abilities, but they tided over hard places and helped to many comforts. Annie repeated her experiment many times that summer—once more with cherries and a few string beans and peas; later with other garden stuff, usually making two trips a week, until some of the families and markets came to know the enterprising little marketwoman and always bought of her. Sometimes the trip only netted them a dollar or two, but at the end of the season they footed up \$50 clear gain. "And I'll make it \$100 next year," Annie said, but how she did it is another story.

A Brave Little Girl.

Little Mary Meadow was a dear little girl who used to live in Cincinnati. She had big brown eyes and long golden curls, and looked like a pretty little doll. Although only five years old, her mamma used to talk to her about what she should do if her clothing should get on fire or if any accident should happen to her little baby sister while she was alone with her. Mary always listened and would say, sweetly: "Yes, mamma, I'll remember what you say."

One day Mary went over to visit her grandma. It was quite cold and grandma was so glad to see dear little Mary that she built a fire in the grate in the parlor. She put in some very snappy wood and Mary liked to hear it crack and to see the sparks fly about. Grandma left little Mary by the fire and went down stairs to get something nice for her to eat. Mary was sitting close up to the fire, when all of a sudden a big spark flew right into her lap. In a moment her little Mother Hubbard dress was on fire. Then little Mary remembered that her mamma had told her to wrap something thick around her to smother the flames; but there was not a rug or a shawl on the floor, but the carpet was new, and the dear little heart—couldn't bear the thought of hurting grandma's new carpet.

Mamma had told her never to run, as that would make the fire burn brighter, and to keep her mouth closed. So she pressed her lips close together and with her tiny hands began to beat the flames hard on her little dress. Pretty soon grandma heard a little voice saying:

"Grandma, I've been on fire, but it's all out now. I just pounded the fire and prayed to Jesus, and I guess the fire went out through my back, 'cause I'm not burning now."

Grandma took her up in her lap and saw the little blistered fingers and the front breadth of the dress all blackened and full of holes, and she kissed the brave little girl.

Mary's mamma kept the little burned dress for a long time to show how brave her little girl was, and how she remembered to do as she had been told, even when she was frightened.

The Umbrella Bird.

Do you think he carries an umbrella, this bird from Australia, because he is called so? Oh, no! But he does carry over his head a sort of helmet of feathers, which answers for one. It is more than two inches in length when it is spread.

These pretty, hairy plumes, curved gracefully at the end, cover the head of this pretty bird all over, even going beyond the beak. Each one stands out, just as you have often seen the downy seeds of the dandelion.

This curious bird is as black as the raven in body. The edges of the wings are tipped with glossy blue. He is only the size of the Jay, but his wonderful crest makes him unlike any other bird, big or little.

Shouldn't you think any bird might be proud of such a royal covering? And yet the umbrella bird has another gift. In a sort of fan on his breast. A large, hanging tassel of feathers grows from a sort of quill of flesh. When this is spread it is just like a fan and covers the whole front of his body.

Did you ever hear of a bird before that carries a fan and umbrella already made for use?

These birds are seldom seen, because they live on the highest branches of the fruit trees, where they get their living. But their cry is often heard. It has so deep a sound that the Indians call them "trumpet birds."

A Little "Mixed."

The art of confusing one thing with another flourishes in every country in the world. It was in Canada, for instance, that a newspaper advertisement of a nursing bottle concluded as follows:

"When the baby is done drinking it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk it should be boiled."

But it was a Boston paper which contained an announcement that certain gentlemen had "died a remembrance" to the proposed widening of Chestnut Hill avenue with the "Boswellian selection."

A BOY'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Abe Slocum was the possessor of a smart looking little rifle, which his father had given him on his fifteenth birthday, thinking that he was old enough to understand the use of firearms.

His first thought on receiving it, was to go on a hunting trip and try his luck as a hunter.

He had hunted small game, such as rabbits and squirrels until he was tired. His great desire and ambition was to kill big game—panthers and bears.

He had often sat around the fire in the log cabin, and heard old hunters tell of their thrilling adventures with the large, wild animals of the forest, and he had thought he would try his hand at it.

This happened in the pioneer days when there were no large towns, nor were there any railways. The largest town or settlement had only about 300 inhabitants, and all around the settlement there were nothing but thick woods, so dense that you could not see through them, and not only wild animals abounded there, but the dreaded red man was there to take the scalps of all who trespassed on their domains.

Abe's father had repeatedly told him not to venture too far away from the settlement, because of the constant danger of Indians and wild beasts.

So Abe set out one morning to try his luck, faithfully promising his father that he would not venture too far. But, to tell the truth, his main object and desire was to kill big game, and he walked away with his rifle slung over his shoulder, fully determined to bring back the skin of a bear or a panther.

He had walked through the woods for about two miles and he had not seen anything to attract his attention, unless it was the chattering of a lot of birds up among the trees. Abe then saw a pretty redbird that he intended to have. It was sitting on a projecting limb of a tall tree. It was a very pretty bird. Its feathers were of a red, streaked here and there with different colors. Abe raised his rifle to his shoulder, took good aim and fired. Down came the bird, and fell at his feet.

The bird's head was nearly shot off. It showed good marksmanship, and if there was one thing he prided himself on, it was his skill with his little rifle.

He had been so taken up with the bird that he had not noticed a black, shaggy, black bull that was stalking about among the trees.

All of a sudden he looked up, and his eyes lighted on the shaggy bull, and he let out a yell, that made the woods ring.

The black, shaggy bull was nothing less than a huge, black bear—just the sort of game he had wished for. Instead of getting behind a tree and waiting for the bear to come up, he made a dash for the bear, until he was within ten yards of him. Taking quick aim, he fired, but instead of killing him the shot only wounded him, the ball having lodged in bruin's shoulder, and only enraged him and made him more dangerous.

Abe thought that the bear would beat a hasty retreat, but bruin did not treat such a warm reception as that with good feeling, so, instead of retreating, he made a dash for Abe, and Abe soon took to his heels and did some lively sprinting, but the now thoroughly enraged beast kept after him at such a prodigious gait that he was soon within a few yards of him, and Abe wished he had never seen a bear.

Abe soon found out that the bear could run as fast as he could and he would soon have to do something, or fall within the clutches of the now maddened bear.

His first thought was to climb a tree, not thinking that the bear could climb, too.

He saw a tree near him and made a dash for it, and commenced to climb faster than he had ever done before. When he reached the first limb, which was about ten feet from the ground, he looked down to see what had become of the bear, and to his horror he saw that the bear was climbing the tree, his long claws enabling him to climb easily, and he was already half way up.

The bear stopped and looked up and there he saw Abe, and let out an angry roar, which so terrified Abe that he stood there rooted to the limb.

He soon collected his senses and commenced to crawl farther out on the limb, which began to bend with his weight.

He crawled out as far as he dared go and waited to see if the bear would follow him.

The bear had reached the limb and after hesitating a while as to its strength he came towards Abe, who was now cornered. He had nothing to defend himself with, he had dropped his rifle in his haste to get away and he could not drop without danger to his limb's.

The bear was within a few feet of him when the limb began to crack and Abe contemplated jumping, though he was afraid of breaking his legs.

But before he could act the limb broke and both boy and bear fell to the ground with a crash.

Abe had sprained his ankle and was rendered unbrisk, but the bear like a cat landed on his feet, and was making for Abe when crack went a rifle and bruin rolled over with a defiant roar, dead.

When Abe recovered consciousness he found himself laying on the ground, with a crowd of men around him.

His first words were: "Is the bear killed?" "Yes," spoke up one of the men, "but you had a mighty close shave. If we hadn't arrived on the spot when we did, you would have been torn to shreds."

It happened that a party of men had set out to go deer hunting and were on their way when one of them saw Abe fall from the tree with the bear a few feet away, and on the instant had fired. The shot proved to be a lucky one, for it had entered the vitals of the bear, killing him instantly. Abe says he don't want to go bear hunting any more.

GEORGE TASKER.

Cure for Dyspepsia.

Here is a hint from The Household, which is commended to the attention of all who need it:

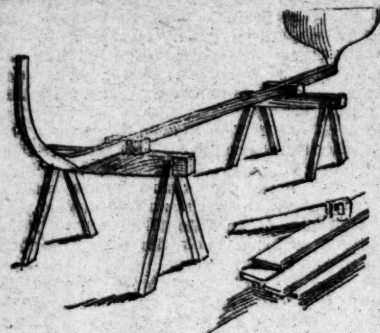
"Ho, all ye dyspeptics," says a quack at the head of his advertisement. But that is exactly what dyspeptics won't do. If they would see vigorously they might not need any medicine.

TO BUILD A ROW BOAT.

What a Twelve-Foot Boat Will Cost and How to Do It.

"How to build a twelve-foot row boat cheaply?" That was the question sent the editor by a boy who, like many other boys, has a good hand at carpentry work and when he builds a boat wishes it large enough to share with his young friends and large enough to pull his sisters and mother about in.

A healthy ambition for any boy, thinks the editor, who believes that working with tools and fresh smelling cedar and pine wood is a profitable and fascinating occupation for vacation days, and who regards rowing as one if not the most manly and beneficial exercises in the world. Therefore, not only to the particular boy who asked the information but to any boy anxious to



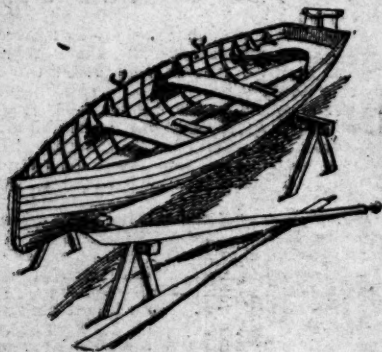
Keel With Bow and Stern Pieces.

have a boat of his own making these suggestions are offered.

A row boat made after the following draft will cost about \$18, varying somewhat according to the price of lumber. The dimensions will be as follows: Length over all, 12 feet; broadest beam, 4 feet; depth to top of keel, amidships, 18 inches; rise of sheer at stern and at bow, 5 inches. For the keel, stem and stern posts use oak; for the planks one-half-inch cedar, 12 feet long and averaging 4 inches in width; the seats make of pine and the frames of oak or cedar; the floor boards of white pine and the stretchers to brace the feet against when rowing, of oak.

Place the frames 20 inches apart. The first thing to do is to get your keel. Lay a plank on two carpenter's horses. Nail blocks on it, between which insert the keel, so as to hold it firm. Mortise on to the keel the stem and sternposts, according to drawing. Three temporary frame molds, one of them amidships, made of one-inch pine, strongly nailed, must then be put in position, with the middle line of the boat marked on each one. They are brought plumb by means of a string stretched from stem to sternpost. The molds are kept in place by a temporary strip from stem to stern.

The next step is to put on the planking, which is the most difficult task and requires the services of several persons. Mark off on the three molds and on the stem and sternposts divisions corresponding to the number of planks to be used, placing the narrower planks at the bilge. The planks will, of course, be narrower at the stem and stern than at midships. Now take a plank about five inches wide and fit its edge carefully into the groove made in the keel. Nail it temporarily to the stem and sternposts. Mark off now on its inside surface, at each frame, spots corresponding with the top of the first of the planking spaces already indicated on the molds and stem and sternposts. By connecting these spots with a line you will have the proper curve, which you make by planing off the superfluous wood outside of that line. The next plank must overlap the first one. In order to do this, plane off the outside upper edge of plank No. 1 and the inside lower edge of plank No. 2. Before planing the



The Boat Completed.

second one, however, fit it on the top edge of the first one and mark with a pencil the slope of the curve on the second streak. Shape the lower edge of the second streak according to this curved line. Fit the two planks together temporarily and to the molds. Mark off on the second plank the width of the streak as shown on molds and stem and sternposts precisely as with the first plank.

Remove the second plank, saw the upper edge to the new curve formed by a line drawn through the marked points. Continue this way with each plank until the gunwale streak is reached. Holes for nails must be bored and each plank fastened with copper nails clinched. You are now ready to put the ribs in. Use three-quarter inch square oak or cedar, steaming them in order to bend them to the shape of the boat. Fasten the planks to the ribs by nailing them where the planks overlap.

Two light strips are put lengthwise the boat, one of them on the bilge, the other lower down to support the rowing seats. When putting in floor frames lay them on the bottom athwart the boat, fasten them to the ribs. They can be matched so as to fit the planking. It now remains to put on the top strip of gunwale. Saw off the upper ends of the gunwale line. Then fit on a light gunwale one inch and a quarter deep round inside the rib-heads and secured to the top plank.

The first rowing seat is placed four feet from the bow and the second one three feet from that. The space beneath the end seats may be used for lockers. To prevent the stem and stern, from bands of half-inch wide half-round bar iron may be carried down the front of the stem and stern to

the keel and screwed tight every twelve inches.

If the planking is cedar, the boat should be varnished with regular boat varnish, if of pine, it may be painted, two coats inside and three outside. The rowlocks can be bought.

The oars should have a total length of 7½ feet, with the blade about 25 inches long and 6 wide. The oar is 2¼ inches in diameter at the handle, the grip being 6 inches long and 1¼ inches in diameter. Band the end of the blade with a one-inch band of copper, neatly fastened with copper nails. This makes a boat of the common clinker build, painted on both ends. To have it painted at one end only requires some additional work at the stern.

The tools necessary in its construction are a plane, jack, tenon saw, rule, square, hammer and nails, brad-awl, gimlet and a couple of chisels. If the foregoing draft is adhered to, a neat boat will be constructed capable of holding four persons nicely and of being propelled through the water with ease and good speed.

A LITERARY FEAST.

The American mail reaches some of the missionaries in Micronesia only once a year. When letters and papers arrive, they have Christmas, New Year, Fourth of July and Thanksgiving all in one. And when the mails fall they have days of sorrow instead. Some years ago several missionaries had the latter.

The missionary schooner, Morning Star, left the mail at a certain point for distribution, and the boat carrying a number of pouches, left two, for a distant island, behind. When the missionaries heard of the neglect, they dispatched a boat immediately for the missing bags. But the vessel came too late.

The hungry natives knew that other supplies than mail came to the missionaries from America, and supposed the two neg-



After the feast.

lected packages contained foreign dainties, so a great company assembled and prepared for a feast. They had heard much about foreign food, but had never eaten any. At last the time to sample it had come, and few were absent. Large pots were hung over the fire, and into each was placed a bag of mail. The blaze was bright, heat furious, the water boiled vehemently, but the bags did not soften, whatever might be said of the contents. Perhaps the cooks thought them old ones and grew tired of waiting.

The packages were taken from the pots and divided, that each guest might have a portion; and the feast began. The papers and letters were tender, the bags tougher than ancient poultry, but every particle was eaten. Foreign delicacies were too precious to be wasted. When the feast ended, some of those sharing in it declared that, for a steady diet, they preferred their own to foreign dainties, though they admitted that they had not yet acquired a taste for such food.

The boatmen arrived after the feast and sought in vain for the missing pouches of mail. Told what had become of them, they said:

"Why, that was food for the mind, not the stomach."

"Well," answered one of the feasters, "as part of it was so tough for our teeth, we feel certain that it would have been far worse had they tried to take it into their minds. So we did them a favor, perhaps, saved their lives. Surely it must have killed them, for it came near taking the life of several of our number."

"Don't Mention It."

A very sweet little story is told about a niece of Bishop Phillips Brooks.

The child was three years old. Her mother was preparing her for bed, when she had a call down stairs; as she was about to leave the room, she said:

"Dear, say your prayers while mamma is gone."

When she returned she asked the child if she had said her prayers. The little one replied:

"I did and I didn't."

"Why, what do you mean, dear?" asked the mother.

"I told the Lord I was very tired, and couldn't say my prayers, and He said: 'Don't mention it, Miss Brooks.'"

He Knew.

"Where is the island of Cuba situated?" asked the teacher of a small, rather forlorn-looking boy.

"I dunno, sir."

"Don't you know where your sugar comes from?"

"Yes sir. We borrow it from the woman next door."

Teacher—What letter is in the alphabet comes after H?

Scholar—I don't know, ma'am.

Teacher—What have I on each side of my nose?

Scholar—Freckles, ma'am.

The Boy's View of It.

For a month he's worn breeches and shirts. While his head has been shorn of each curl.

Now he says of his photo in skirts:

"That is me when I once was a girl."

A YOUNG HERO.

Tommy Harden was the son of his father in every sense of the word. Thomas Harden, Sr., was a plump, good-natured, whistling, cheerful little man, and Tommy Harden, Jr., had been cut from the same pattern, only three sizes smaller.

And, whereas, Thomas Harden, the father, took care of the great boilers in the basement of the Richland house, the largest hotel in the city, Tommy, the boy, ran the elevator in that hotel. How old the former was I do not know; the latter was ten, as one counts years, but he was at least a hundred if one took into consideration his mother wit and courage, for Tommy's father had been a soldier and had loved his country better than his life, and he had instilled this love and the sense of doing his duty, whenever it came to him, into his small boy's mind at a very early age. The result was—but this is the story of one of the results.

Though Tommy was so small for his age, he was a muscular little chap, and his sturdy legs supported a sturdy body, which in turn held up a well-made and well-filled head, with a bright, smiling face, surmounted by a curly head of reddish yellow hair; and as if to always proclaim his in-born patriotism to the world Tommy's eyes were the deepest of blue, and his skin unusually white, and there you had him—red, white and blue. Oh, there could be no doubt about Tommy being a true American!

And one day the hotel burned. Tommy had just come to work—he was always there at 5 o'clock in the morning, rain or shine or snow—and having dusted out the elevator car, being a neat chap as well as patriotic, he ran it slowly to the top of the building, six floors in all. The night clerk, who was just getting ready to go home, saw him start, but before that gentleman could turn around for his hat and coat, which hung behind him, the elevator came down with a rush, and Tommy, his eyes bigger than ever and evidently greatly excited, sprang out, exclaiming:

"The house is afire, Mr. Parke, the house is afire!"

Without losing a moment to ask questions, Mr. Parke promptly turned in the alarm, and then he and the hastily summoned servants dashed up the stairs, three at a time, to see what they could do until the engines came. But though they were quick, the fire was quicker, and little enough they found to do. Before they had reached the first landing on the broad stairway, with a rush and roar like a lot of wild animals the frightened guests of the hotel came hurrying themselves downstairs, some of them dressed, some not, but all excited and frightened, and the night clerk and his force were pushed down before them to the office floor again ere they had time to think.

But Tommy, as the roar of hundreds of feet and the shrieks of hundreds of women and children mingled with the hoarse cries of the men, came to him from above, saw what must eventually happen. The stairway would be blockaded and there would be many still unable to get out, left to perish in the burning building. And as he saw this, without a moment's hesitation, he ran back to the elevator, jumped into it, slammed the door to, pulled the rope, and once again they slid up the shaft. As he paused on the third floor a moment he saw something which made him fairly sick. The retreat to the stairs was entirely cut off by a broad sheet of flame that just then burst from a room near them, and the back steps were already a-fire, so the people on that floor and all above it were without means of escape, save a very small and inefficient fire escape further around the building.

For a moment poor Tommy—who was only a little boy, after all—felt as if he would much rather let the others take care of themselves while he looked out for Tommy, but this thought passed away quickly, and the training he had had all his short life came to him.

"It's my duty to stay," he said to himself, swallowing the funny little lump that persisted in coming up in his throat, "for I can save lots of these folks if I stick to my post. And daddy'd be ashamed of me if I didn't do that." Then, with one look around him, he stepped back into the car, and the moment after it had disappeared up the shaft again.

And then began the most exciting five minutes of Tommy's life. The gorged staircase becoming more jammed and obstructed than ever, the stampeded people grew fairly frantic, and ran wildly about upstairs in the halls. It was awful to hear the cries and screams of fear, and Tommy tried to shut them out, but through it all and the racket the firemen, who had come at last, made, the elevator shot up and down as regularly and steadily as if there were nothing the matter, taking on as many people as it would hold from the upper stories of the building and unloading them on the office floor, where it was easy for them to make their escape. Up and down, up and down, went Tommy and his faithful car, and the brave little heart under the blue jacket, with all its lovely brass buttons, never again thought of its own danger once it had recognized its duty.

"Soldiers don't run away when there's fighting to be done," said Tommy to Tommy's small self, "and you're the son of a soldier."

So up and down went the elevator with its strange, frightened passengers, and many a blessing fell upon Tommy's curly head that morning, coming from those he had saved. Once, when they were going down, a calm and seemingly untroubled gentleman touched him on the shoulder and asked: "My lad, what is your name?" Tommy told him and the gentleman jotted it down coolly in a note book. "You are the kind of a boy," he said quietly, as they reached the office floor once more, "I like to know."

And then at last the fire got too hot for the firemen even, and they retreated downstairs, fighting every inch of the way, but recognizing that it was a hopeless task. The flames were two wide spread—they had started in the rear of the house, over the kitchen, and worked forward, and the only thing to do was to prevent it getting too

to the other big buildings ranged on either side of the hotel. Tommy, though no one told him this, guessed as much, but feeling very uncertain that all the people were out from the upper stories, he took the elevator up again, through all the smoke and flames and falling beams without a tremor.

"You'd better get out of that thing and save yourself!" shouted one of the firemen warningly as he passed them, but Tommy only shook his head and took a firmer grip on the rope. Having once begun his work, he was not going to stop until it was finished. In another minute the upper floor was reached, and, stepping out of the car, he looked up and down the deserted corridor, and then walked a little way down it. Not a soul in sight, and no sound save the distant roar of flames and shouts from below. The men were right, after all, and there was nothing for him to do there; and, turning back, he was just about to step into the elevator again when a faint sob reached his ears, and, hurrying into the room across the hall only a few feet away, he beheld, dimly outlined through the smoke which half filled the room, the figure of a little girl kneeling in the middle of the bed, and sobbing as if her heart would break from fright. It was some one's little girl whom a wildly frightened nurse had probably left to its fate. For a moment sturdy Tommy's indignation at such a wicked thing, or such carelessness, as it might have been—though he could not understand that either—fairly made him choke; but going quickly across the room, he took the little girl into his arms, and, soothing her as best he could, carried her to the elevator. She stopped crying the moment he touched her, and was now hugging him tightly about the neck, her soft baby cheek rubbing against his own, her recent tears trickling down his collar. But Tommy had helped nurse his own little sister in years gone by, and he minded this not a whit, especially at such a time, and stepping into the car, he slid the door to quickly and pulled the rope. The elevator did not stir.

He pulled again, and still there was no response. A cold shiver ran down his back, and he gave a third tug at the rope, and, for the time being, a sick feeling of despair came over him, for were not the flames fast eating their way toward them now? There was surely not a moment to be lost, yet the car refused to move an inch! What could have happened? Could his father have deserted the engine which ran the elevator? No! His father was not the man to desert his post any more than little Tommy was the boy to shirk his duty, and Tommy knew it. Then there was but one explanation left.

But he got no further with his hurried thoughts, for just at that moment there was a sharp, grinding noise overhead, followed by a loud crack, and the next minute the elevator was rushing down the shaft at a terrific rate! Clinging to his burden with one hand, the small elevator boy caught at the side of the car and endeavored to steady himself for the crash he dimly realized would come, and in that awful moment Tommy did little thinking, for before he could recover his balance fully here came a terrible shock which threw him to the top of the car with a crash, and he knew no more.

Half an hour later Tommy came to himself with many strange faces and forms gathered about the cot on which the salvage corps had placed him, in a little house across the street from the now ruined hotel, and as he raised himself painfully on an elbow—for, though not dangerously hurt, Tommy was badly bruised by the accident—he asked:

"What has happened, Mr. Parke?"

And the night clerk, with his face blackened and clothes torn and covered with smoke and grime from his efforts to help the firemen, bent over Tommy and told him briefly all that had occurred; how the elevator, when it came rushing down, had parted cable, caught near the office floor by the safety break, which had worked at the last moment, and how Tommy had been thrown against the top of the car, though still clinging to the little girl, and how she had come out of the whole affair unhurt, thanks to him, and how her mother, who was just now bathing Tommy's hot and begrimed forehead, could never tell him what she thought of him for bringing her darling safely to her, and though she tried for a year to come. And though she tried for a year to come. And Tommy, about the purse the guests he had saved were making up for him to send him to college when he was ready to go, or start into business, if he preferred it, and how the reporters were waiting for him to tell them about the way he saved the child, so they might put it in their papers, with a great deal more of the same kind. Tommy's large head lines, and how proud all his friends were of him—from the proprietor of the hotel himself down to the little bellboy, who cried like a girl when he thought Tommy was killed. And—and—until Tommy got so excited and interested he could not understand half Mr. Parke said. But when at last they brought his father to where he lay, smiling and cheerful as ever, he understood one thing by the look in daddy's eyes. He knew daddy was proud of him, and that was glory enough for one day!

And now if you ever want to make Tommy Harden's face light up with a smile of positive happiness, just ask the elevator boy at the new Richland house to let you see the little gold medal he always wears, and which he is prouder of than nearly everything else he owns. For it reads something like this:

Presented to Thomas Harden, Jr., by the Society for his bravery during the Richland house fire on July 15, 1900, whereby he saved many lives by sticking to his post."

And this is the story of Tommy Harden.—Blue and Gray.

Young Workers.

It very often happens that a boy has to be busy with work of some kind, when he really wants to read and become educated. Now, this desire for education is a splendid thing in a boy. Indeed, there is nothing in the world that is any better. But, it often happens that a boy is prevented by circumstances from doing that which would seem to be the best thing for him. Here is a word of encouragement to such boys. Read all you can in the best papers and magazines. Pick up scraps of information about people and things, and make them your own, so that you will remember them. Some day your knowledge, picked up little by little, will be very extensive, and you will find that you compare very favorably with boys who have had much better chances for education than yourself. Console yourself with the thought that some of the best work in the world has been done under very trying circumstances. Sir Walter Raleigh wrote his "History of the World" during his eleven years' imprisonment. And who knows but you, during your years of study and recreation, may be laying the foundation of some piece of work as great as any

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TO ERECT A HALL.

Street Railways to Build a Hall for Street Car Exhibits.

AN IMPORTANT MEETING YESTERDAY

Committee Meet to Make Preparations for the Coming Convention of Street Railway Men.

The various local committees on arrangements for the American Street Railway Association Convention held a meeting in the Equitable building yesterday morning and made their reports to the general committee.

The fact was soon developed at the meeting that the American Street Railway Association convention, which is to be held in Atlanta on the 17th, 18th and 19th of October next, is to be the most largely attended convention that the association has ever held. In addition to this fact it also appears that the exhibit of street railway appliances and inventions, for which 10,000 square feet of floor space has already been engaged, will be the most interesting exposition of the kind that has ever been gotten together in this country.

This convention, which is not only national in scope, but includes Canada, will be visited by street railway men from all sections of the United States—from Maine to California, and from the Gulf to the lakes. There will be representatives, most likely, from the railroads in Canada and Mexico.

It is regarded one of the most important conventions that has ever been held in Atlanta, and the enthusiasm of the various committees in charge of the work of preparing for the convention as manifested yesterday in the meeting was evidence of the fact that Atlanta is not ungrateful of the compliment that has been paid her by the association in selecting this as the place for holding the convention.

Work will be commenced immediately on the machinery hall at the exposition grounds for the auditorium to be erected and the building will be put in thorough condition for the exposition. The work has been taken up in earnest by all the parties interested, and as is Atlanta's way, no time will be lost and no stone will be left unturned to make the convention a pronounced success so far as entertaining the visitors is concerned.

Many of the representatives of railroads on the Pacific slope and Canada and throughout the country have been visiting a section of country and will embrace this as a golden opportunity. All of these should bear in mind that the signal service reports will show that the weather in Atlanta throughout almost the entire heated season of the summer is cooler than in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago and other northern cities, and that October, amidst the period of our Indian summer, is the most delightful season of the year to visit here. In addition to the mildness of the season the elevation of Atlanta's plateau being about eleven hundred feet above tide, furnishes a most salubrious climate, and those who visit here from the far north will find a pleasant surprise.

The meeting held yesterday was the second of the two most important held for this work. Another will be held next Wednesday, at which time all the committees are expected to submit matured reports and the program, for the three days will then be laid out.

Managers of southern railroads, who have heretofore, for various causes, delayed becoming members of the association, should avail themselves of this opportunity, since it is by contact with these bright business men engaged in the most progressive branch of development of the day, that one's wits are sharpened and his forces brought more into use for successfully operating a street railway system.

The benefits that Atlanta will receive from this convention cannot be estimated. The convention will be one of the largest ever held in this city. It is expected that about one thousand delegates will be in attendance and each of these delegates will be a walking advertisement for Atlanta and her exposition when they return to their homes.

This convention in its importance to the exposition is second only to the \$200,000 appropriation by the United States government. The exhibits for the exhibition feature of the convention will begin to arrive about two or three weeks before the convention opens. The machinery hall at Piedmont park, which has been set aside for the exhibits, is the largest ever used by the association for this purpose. More than half the exhibition space has already been taken and the exhibits at this convention promise to be more numerous and more interesting than those at any previous meeting of the association.

Transportation is in the front rank as a means of advancing civilization, and many of the highest minds in the country are now at work to further facilitate the abridgment of distance in the cities.

Atlanta has one of the best equipped street railway systems of any city in the country, which is due to the energy and efforts of Mr. Joel Hurt, but even this magnificent system will doubtless be improved by the knowledge gained by observation of the latest inventions and devices in this line at the coming convention.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is absolutely unequaled as a blood purifier and skin clearing medicine. It is the ideal spring medicine. Try it.

To flavor your Soda and Lemonade, and keep your digestive organs in order, get a bottle of the genuine ANGOSTURA BITTERS, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

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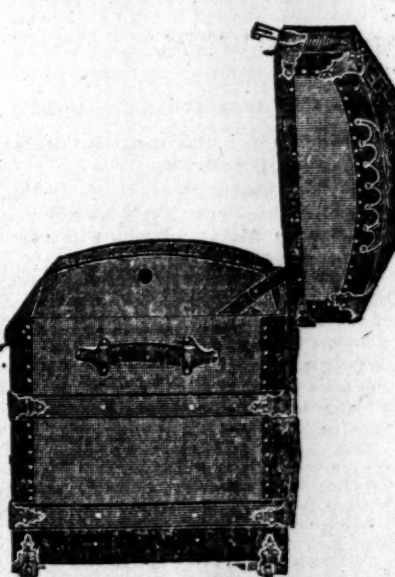
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